

Sports of the Muse.

I
Yesterday

I would sing but welaway,
Housed with gloom, and leaden-hearted.
Then the milk Thalia parted
And a shower of eye-beams darted—
Laughed me, "Nay,
Thou shalt sing a roundelay!"

II

Now, to-day,
When I try a measure gay,
Comes Melpomene the somber,
Laps my golden hours inumber
Lays my merry spirits in slumber—
Frowns me, "Nay,
Thou shalt sing but Welaway!"

New York City

Edith M. Thomas.